

I'll Take Care of You

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I'll Take Care of You

by [sourweather](#)

Summary

After an Acute Stress Reaction and continued trauma at work leave Will feeling desperate for release, Hannibal reveals that he has a very effective technique for Letting Go

Notes

this one is not Art okay lmaooo this is filth I can't help it I'm a dirty dog oops

"Will?"

He tries to answer, but his tongue is too heavy in his mouth and it doesn't want to obey, so he lets out a thick groan instead. At least the voice will know he's here, that he's alive and that he's listening.

A cool palm cups his face, long fingers drifting up to brush sweaty curls from his forehead. Will realizes that he's burning, that the fabric of his flannel is clinging to his arms and that sweat is pooling in his tear ducts and stinging his eyes. His eyes are open, unseeing. He blinks in an attempt to regain vision.

"Will? *Will!*"

Will pushes another weak sound from where it's perched in his throat. Hannibal, it's Hannibal. He's okay. He's with a doctor, a friend. He blinks again and the white spots in his vision clear to reveal worried brown eyes looking down from above.

Will is lying on the floor of Hannibal's office. He isn't hurt, at least not that he can feel. Hannibal's other hand is supporting the back of his head, and Will infers that the other man caught him before he fell.

Hannibal smiles softly, but his eyes are still swimming with concern. "There you are."

Will swallows, forces his mouth to work correctly. "H-han...what..."

Hannibal strokes his cheek with his thumb, patient and reassuring. "You've fainted, Will." He searches Will's face, for what Will isn't sure. "I'm going to remove your jacket. You seem feverish."

Will nods, though it probably seems like more of a loll. Hannibal gently helps him out of the jacket, setting it aside. "How are you feeling now?"

"Um...tired. C-confused..."

"Would you like some water?"

He nods again and Hannibal takes his hand. Will is grateful for the help as he stands, immediately feeling light-headed. He groans again, and leans into Hannibal for support. A part of him feels a bit embarrassed but Hannibal simply wraps a protective arm around his shoulders, slowly guides him to the chaise lounge near the side wall of the office. Hannibal leaves to get him a drink when Will is comfortably reclined, running a heavy hand down his face.

Will is half asleep by the time he returns with a glass of ice water. "Thanks," he mumbles. To his surprise, Hannibal brings the glass to his lips instead of just handing it to him. Will takes a few sips and Hannibal sets it aside. Hannibal's hand finds Will's forehead again, testing his heat with the back of his hand. Has he always been this physical? Will isn't used to being touched so much.

"You were telling me about your latest crime scene, before you fainted. Do you remember that?"

"Um..." Will searches his memory. "Sort of...yes. Yes, I do." The images flood back to his mind, organs and body parts mixed and joined like a jigsaw puzzle forced into connecting improperly. Will feels a wave of nausea and sits up to put his head between his knees. "Don't wanna talk about it."

"You usually aren't sensitive to gore, Will. I'm surprised to see you so shaken."

"Shh. Please. Stop talking."

Hannibal is quiet for just a few moments. Will tenses when he feels a hand on his back, but relaxes into it as the other man rubs circles between his shoulder blades.

"Will," He says quietly.

"Yeah?"

"I believe you've just experienced an Acute Stress Reaction."

Will chuckles bitterly. "Of course you do."

"It's a severe physical response to intense mental trauma. And I've been very clear on my opinion that you are being regularly exposed to mental trauma."

Will groans, lying back to recline against the chaise. "I'm not quitting."

Hannibal sighs sharply. Will's eyes are closed but he can feel the other man's exasperated glare. "You *need* to quit, Will. This work is killing you. I can't help you if you won't help yourself."

"You're my doctor, aren't you? You're supposed to be helping me manage my stress." He gestures broadly. "Do your job."

"You aren't giving me many options," Hannibal says, and Will opens his eyes because he's never heard him sound so angry. "You won't quit your job or even take a break from consultation, even though we are both fully aware that your work is the cause of your stress. You aren't receptive to Cognitive Behavior Therapy. You won't let me get you a prescription for anxiety medication. What would you have me do?"

Will sighs. He knows that Hannibal is right to be annoyed with him. He isn't letting the other man help, even though he's asking for it. It's just so hard for Will to give another person *control*, even taking someone's advice feels wrong. His control is already slipping away, he can't give up any more without losing himself. "I'm sorry," He mumbles.

"I care for you, Will. I want to help. Let me."

Will smiles despite his current state. He reaches over and picks up the glass of water. It's nice, knowing Hannibal cares. It's really, really nice.

"...Maybe we could try out a new coping mechanism? I know it's a band-aid for a bullet wound, but I don't want to think about what could've happened if I passed out anywhere else."

"Well," Hannibal says, thoughtful. "You've been too fatigued for me to recommend exercise. Perhaps we could try aromatherapy?"

Will grimaces. "I mean, I guess if you think it would help."

When Hannibal speaks again, it's slowly, carefully. As if he's worried about scaring Will. "I personally think that... *releasing* your stress would be better than suppressing it."

Will chuckles dryly. "What do you have in mind? Screaming into a pillow?"

"Orgasms."

Will chokes on his water.

"If you're amenable, of course."

The laugh that escapes him is more of a nervous reflex than anything else. "You want to help me get laid?" He asks, incredulous.

"That isn't how I would put it."

Will starts to shoot back with another snide remark when he catches the spark of mischief in Hannibal's eyes. His mouth goes dry. "Hannibal-"

"I will admit that it's unorthodox, but I've done it before with excellent results."

"Unorthodox may be putting it lightly! I can't believe you would even suggest something like this."

"It would be entirely on your terms, naturally. But an orgasm lowers your cortisol levels significantly, and the method that I employ is also highly meditative."

Will narrows his eyes. "Meditative in what way?"

Hannibal is trying to remain professional as he explains, but Will can tell that he's very pleased the idea hasn't been rejected yet. "It's quite simple, actually. You would be lowered into a submissive state, similar to that of very low-grade hypnosis. Then I would bring you to orgasm, under specifications that we discuss and agree upon beforehand."

Will feels his heart pounding at the idea, strangely excited by how perfunctory this all sounds. Like it's simple, just another coping mechanism that he and Hannibal were trying. Still... *submissive state*? "I'm not really comfortable with the idea of being put into a trance."

Hannibal nods. "Very well," he says, and Will is momentarily thrown off balance by how quickly the other man has relented.

Hannibal must see the surprise in his face because he elaborates. "As I said, this technique can be very effective, but only if you are receptive to the experience. It would do neither of us any good to pursue the idea if you aren't entirely prepared to trust me."

Will winces. "It's not...come on, don't be like that. I do trust you," he says, and he realizes all at once that the idea of Hannibal getting him off never even *fazed* him. "I just don't feel comfortable... *submitting* to anyone."

"Will."

They make eye contact and Will sees that Hannibal is completely sincere. "The weight you carry with you is so heavy. It must be unbearable. Wouldn't it be a relief, to let someone else set it aside for you for a while?"

Will shakes his head. "At least the weight is keeping me on the ground. I don't know where I'd go if I let myself float away."

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Will employs the supposedly tried-and-true methods he's been recommended a thousand times before. He takes hot baths, he listens to angry music at an unsafe volume, he even stoops to *actually* screaming into pillows, as much as it bothers his dogs. He jerks off every night, and it does help him sleep but it doesn't seem to help much beyond that.

He never stops unraveling. It doesn't even feel like it's slowing the process. The weight he carries is starting to crush him, it's getting hard to breathe. He wants to put it down. He can't seem to make himself do that, though.

It's at four o'clock in the morning, after the third stress nightmare he's had in as many days, that he finally breaks. He wakes up sobbing, shaking from head to toe and feeling like he might just combust at any moment. He *needs* something to take the edge off, his mind is so raw that he can hardly think. Desperate, with trembling fingers, he texts Hannibal.

Fuck it. I give up. I'll try your method.

He isn't expecting Hannibal to answer until morning, but the response comes pretty quickly.

You'd like me to put you under? I can do it at our next session, if you'd like.

Will swallows around the growing fear inside him.

Okay. I'll be ready.

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Will is decidedly *not* ready by the time their appointment rolls around. He's anxious as he makes the familiar trip to Hannibal's office, sweating and a little shaky.

He feels a bit better when he enters and sees that everything looks the same as usual, the only exceptions being a blanket tossed over the chaise lounge and Hannibal himself. The doctor

has forgone his suit jacket, sleeves rolled to his elbows, but aside from that he looks the same as ever.

Except for his eyes. Will can't help feeling that they look especially...eager, tonight.

"Hello, Will."

"Hi," Will says, and he's embarrassed by how flustered he sounds. He follows Hannibal into the office and stands awkwardly, unsure of where to go. Should he just...start undressing right here? Is he meant to lie on the chaise? Oh God, this is *not* relaxing.

Hannibal seems to pick up on his apprehension, if the slight look of amusement is any indication.

"Have a seat, we have much to discuss before we begin today's treatment."

Will obeys, sinking into his usual chair and trying to fight the urge to restlessly bounce his foot. Hannibal sits across from him, artfully crossing his legs. A beat of tense silence hangs between them before Hannibal speaks.

"Are you sure about this, Will?"

Will coughs, looking down at Hannibal's black dress shoe instead of his face. "I'm definitely anxious about it," he confesses. "But at this point I'm willing to try just about anything."

Hannibal sighs. "This is an incredibly delicate treatment, Will. If you are harboring any doubts, any second thoughts at all, I must strongly advise that we not pursue this."

Will steels his nerves. "I'm not having second thoughts. It's just nerves. Pre-show jitters."

Will glances back up at Hannibal and sees that he's frowning. "Well, you still have plenty of time to tell me before we begin. If at any time, for any reason, you feel uncomfortable or want to stop, tell me immediately. I cannot stress enough how important that is."

Will forces a laugh, there's no humor behind it. "You make it all sound very intense."

"It is." He says without missing a beat, and it makes Will's heart rate pick up. "It can do wonders for your stress level, but if it goes wrong it could be detrimental. I want to help you, Will, but I can only do it if you are comfortable."

Will nods. "I'll tell you if I'm not feeling it, don't worry."

Hannibal still looks worried.

"I promise."

At that, Hannibal finally seems to relax a little. He looks down at his own folded hands. "This entire process will be much easier and more enjoyable for both of us if you are completely transparent with me, so I would recommend being as honest as you can. Is that clear?"

Will nods again. "Crystal."

"We will begin only when you feel ready, and not a moment sooner. You are my final appointment of the day, there is no rush. We can spend our entire usual session time doing nothing more than talking, if that's what you need."

Hannibal pauses and Will realizes that he's waiting for a confirmation. "Okay. I'll tell you when I'm ready."

"Once you do, I will begin the process of putting you under. I've done this with a few patients over the years, and the amount of time it takes varies greatly. However studies show that those with more vivid and active imaginations are more susceptible to hypnosis, and while this is not technically hypnosis, it does make me hopeful that it should be fairly easy. Providing, of course, that you allow yourself to relax and remain comfortable."

Will nods along, appreciative that Hannibal is being so thorough. It makes the idea a bit less daunting.

"Even when you are fully submerged in the submissive state, you will not be entirely at my mercy. Feelings of distress or anxiety will still be able to pull you upwards, if you allow it. However, the experience is very unpleasant. Think of it as something akin to Decompression Sickness when diving. Which is why I ask that you inform me of any discomfort as quickly as possible, rather than pulling yourself to the surface on your own. I will help you surface, slowly, if you ask me to." He pauses to give Will a serious look. "Do you trust me to help you surface if you ask for it?"

"Yes. I trust you. I'll tell you if I need to come up for air."

A smile quirks the corner of his mouth. "Good."

He sits back in his chair. "In your submissive state, you will be completely under my care. I won't hesitate to give you anything that you desire. That being said, it's likely that you will find it difficult to communicate during the treatment, and I would prefer to discuss these things while you are clear of mind. So- is there anything in particular you'd like?"

"Um..." Will's mouth has gone dry. Fuck, is he really about to do this? He's embarrassed, but Hannibal is right. Honesty is important. "It's been a long time since I've been touched by another person," he admits. "And this all sounds pretty overwhelming. So maybe we could just...start slow? There's not really anything specific I want."

Hannibal nods. "That's alright, I'll simply care for you to the best of my ability."

Will feels himself blushing. There's that term again. *You'll be under my care. I'll care for you.* Why does it set his skin on fire like that?

"Are you sexually attracted to me, Will?" He asks, as if he's read Will's mind.

He splutters. "Uh, w-well, I don't know if-

"Your inhibitions will be significantly lowered while you are in a submissive state," Hannibal interrupts, as gentle and polite as ever. "It's entirely possible that you may express a desire to reciprocate, based on previously subconscious attractions."

There's a heat in Hannibal's eyes that Will isn't used to seeing and it makes him shiver. Hannibal leans closer. "I can refuse to let you reciprocate, if you'd like me to. Or I can give that to you, as well."

There's something about that implication, that the act of Will getting him off would still be something that Hannibal was *giving* to Will, that makes him feel nervous excitement creep down his spine. His lips are moving without his permission.

"I'd like to reciprocate."

Hannibal's smile reappears. "Excellent. Is there anything that I should refrain from? Anything I shouldn't give to you, under any circumstances?"

Will thinks this over. God, he's terrified right now. It's exciting. "I'd prefer it if you didn't fuck me."

"Be more specific, please."

Will huffs, cheeks burning, and pushes the answer through gritted teeth. "Don't put your dick in my ass, Doctor."

He's expecting the rudeness to annoy him, but instead he tilts his head. "Meaning that fucking you with my hands or fucking your mouth are acceptable?"

The blush spreads to his ears because he's never heard Hannibal say *fuck* before and it feels oddly scandalous, even in the midst of such an inappropriate conversation. He feels so whorish right now, already short of breath just from discussing what this man is planning on doing to him.

"Yes. That's acceptable." A part of him is almost considering taking back his prior statement, but he can always ask Hannibal to fuck him next time.

Oh, God, there could be a next time-

"Well," Hannibal says. "It seems we've arrived at the final question."

Will looks at him expectantly, face flushed and eyes wide, as Hannibal stands. It feels like he's towering over Will, and Will fights the impulse to make himself small.

"Are you ready to begin, Will?"

"Yes," Will says, already hoarse. "Yes, I'm ready."

Hannibal's grin has something shifting in Will's stomach. "Perfect. Then let's not waste any time. On the chaise, please. And remove your jacket, shoes, and socks."

Will does as he's told, and automatically begins unbuttoning his shirt before gentle but firm hands cover his own. "I'll do that for you when the time comes. Don't worry."

Will takes a deep breath and nods, dropping his hands. *Right. Hannibal is supposed to take over now. Give the weight to him. He can take it for a while.*

"Lie on your side, Will. Get comfortable."

Will shifts on the chaise, following the command. Hannibal kneels in front of his face. "I'm going to start touching you now. Don't be nervous, I'm only trying to help you relax."

Hannibal's hand comes to Will's face, brushing the stray curls aside and tracing his features. Fingertips ghost along his cheekbones, his jawline, the curve of his lips. He shivers when they brush the soft skin beneath his eyes. "C-can I close my eyes?" He asks.

"Of course, do whatever you believe will help you relax. I am only here for you, after all."

Will closes his eyes as hands drift into his curls, gently carding through his hair and scratching his scalp. He sighs, tension leaving his shoulders.

"Good," Hannibal says, and his voice sounds like a low purr, quiet but solid and steady. "That's it. All of this is for you, Will. I am here for you."

He hears Hannibal rise and round the chaise, settling behind him instead. He strokes the length of Will's back. "You're safe here, with me. Nothing needs to exist outside of this room, not right now. Only you and I."

His fingers trace Will's spine, slowly, from the small of his back up to the base of his neck. He leans closer. "And I only wish to take care of you."

When he speaks again, he's so close that his breath hits the nape of Will's neck. "You'll let me take care of you, won't you Will?"

Will shivers and a loud, needy whine leaves him before he can stop it. The words are melting him like caramel, and the feeling of his breath has tingles spreading across his scalp and down his spine.

"Y-yes," he chokes out.

Hannibal laughs, and the sharp exhalation on his neck has Will biting his lip. "Good boy."

"Fuck," Will hisses. He's hard, God, he's hard and Hannibal has barely touched him yet. *He did warn me that this would be intense, but... fuck.*

Hannibal pulls away and Will wants to whine again. He can feel the other man's appraising eye.

Slowly, Hannibal lowers himself to hover over Will's ear. He breathes, sending another wave of sparks down Will's spine and making his hairs stand on end.

"Hannibal," He whimpers.

Hannibal pulls away again, chuckling to himself. "Oh, that's splendid, Will. You're receptive to an Autonomous Sensory Meridian Response. This response is often completely non-sexual, but when mixed with pleasure, well,"

His mouth is close to Will's ear again, and Will twitches from head to toe when a hot, wet tongue traces the shell.

A grounding hand comes to grip Will's shoulder. *"Relax, Will,"* He purrs, still unbearably close to Will's ear. "Try not to flinch. Just let it wash over you."

Will makes an effort to regulate his breathing. He forces himself to sink into the chaise. Hannibal's hand comes around to caress his chest as another hot breath hits the base of his skull, tongue returning to lick a stripe along his nape.

The tingling sensation spreads all over his body, but Will makes an effort to keep from jumping, to let the mind-melting pleasure just *hit* him.

It's okay. Hannibal is here for me. I'm safe. I can just let it take me under, I won't drown. It's okay.

He moans, eyes fluttering open even though there's nothing to see.

"Good boy!" Hannibal praises softly, and Will has no recourse but to moan again. "Very good, you're doing so well."

Hannibal reappears in front of him, and begins unbuttoning Will's shirt. *Just like he said he would.* His hands take a moment to ghost along Will's side once the shirt is fully opened and Will bites his lip.

A thumb comes to his lip immediately, guiding him to release it. "It's alright, let me hear you. You're being so good, just let go."

Will obeys, lets out a soft whine. Hannibal smiles at Will like he's never been prouder, helping Will's arms through the sleeves before setting the shirt aside.

Will's chest is heaving, breaths heavy but slow and even, like he's asleep.

Hannibal's hands are all over him now, grazing his nipples and stroking down his shoulder blades and caressing his face. It's too much, he can't take it.

The wave crests but Will is obedient. He goes limp, lets it hit him and pull him under.

Will's eyes are still open but he's struggling to keep them focused. Hannibal is becoming a blurry, pretty shape in his vision. Will lets that happen, too.

Hannibal's palm cups Will's cheek, his voice is adoring and strong and lovely and Will feels like it might be the only solid thing in the whole world. "Just let go, Will. Let it all go, I'm here. Let me take care of you."

Will feels the weight fall off of his shoulders, and it makes him feel light-headed. For a moment he's worried he'll float away, but Hannibal is holding him securely on Earth.

Yes. Hannibal will take care of everything. Nothing else matters, Hannibal is here.

And Hannibal must see it, must be able to sense that Will is finally letting himself sink, because he sounds very pleased. "There you are. Good boy."

The moan just leaves with Will's breath, he doesn't even think about it. *Good boy, yes, that's me. I'm your good boy.*

Will parts his lips, blinking heavily.

"Would you like a kiss, dear boy?"

It's hard to nod, his head feels so heavy, but he can't seem to make himself speak.

Hannibal's hand steadies his jaw and soft lips press to his own. Will tries to kiss back, but he's clumsy, uncoordinated. Hannibal doesn't seem to mind. Will realizes that his eyes are still open and lets them fall shut. Hannibal's hands drift over Will's skin as they kiss before finally moving downwards and cupping his long-ignored erection. Will whines into Hannibal's mouth, shifting to press himself closer.

Hannibal pulls away and easily guides him to lie against the chaise. The blanket on it is soft on his bare back, and he stretches against it with a pleased hum.

"The sounds you make are so lovely, Will. Thank you for letting me hear them."

Will tries to let out something resembling a laugh, but it's disfigured by a needy sigh when Hannibal starts to undo his pants.

"Lift your hips, please."

Will obeys immediately. *Anything you ask. I'll give you anything.*

"Good," He says, and Will savors it like the treat it is. Hannibal sets his pants and underwear near his shirt and looms above him for a moment.

"Beautiful," Hannibal mutters, petting Will's thigh. Will almost melts out of his skin. "You're so beautiful, Will."

Hannibal wasn't kidding when he said it would be difficult to communicate. It takes a lot of effort to speak through the comfortable fog in his head. Still, he manages to get a word out.

"You," He insists.

Hannibal smiles like the sun and Will basks in it. He presses a loving kiss to Will's lips. "Thank you."

A strong hand wraps around Will's cock and he keens, all but short-circuiting when Hannibal begins stroking him evenly. The blissful fog is coating everything in dreamy softness, but the pleasure Hannibal is giving him cuts through it. He arches off of the chaise, moaning tunelessly.

"That's it," Hannibal says, caressing Will's inner thigh with his free hand. "I'll give you what you need, Will. I have you."

Will's breath hitches, and he rolls his hips to fuck into Hannibal's hand. He's close already, it's all too new and too good to fight it. He can't, he's helpless.

"Are you going to come for me?"

Will's toes curl and the sound that leaves him is utterly sinful. *Not helpless. Free. Cared for. Hannibal has me.*

"Be a good boy and come, Will."

And Will finds that he wants nothing more in the entire world than to be good for Hannibal.

Will comes. Hard. It covers Hannibal's hand and part of Will's stomach and he moans like he's worried Hannibal won't hear it. He shakes, whimpering again and again as he starts to come down. Hannibal rubs soothing touches into Will's thighs with one hand, discreetly wiping come from the other onto a cloth.

Will feels the haze of his orgasm passing and gets hit with a sudden wave of stress. And the stress makes him feel frustrated because it isn't *supposed to be here*, this is supposed to be a place where Will doesn't have to worry, but he's stressed because Hannibal just made him *come* and that means this is *over*. It means Hannibal will pull him back to the surface and Will has to go back to the world they were in before and Will whines in distress because he's not *ready* to do that. He wants Hannibal to keep taking care of him, at least for a little while longer. He doesn't want to stop being a good boy, he wants to *stay*.

"Will?" Hannibal asks and Will almost sobs at the sound. It sounds so pretty, Will doesn't want to go.

He cups Will's cheek and searches his face, expression filled with worry. "Will, what's wrong?"

Will whines again, clutches at Hannibal's shirt for comfort.

"Do you want me to help you surface?"

Will shakes his head frantically, clutching at him harder.

Hannibal looks relieved, then pleasantly surprised as the pieces click together. He moves his hand to the back of Will's head and brings him forward until Will's face is buried in a soft navy waistcoat. Hannibal shushes him gently, stroking long fingers through his curls. "It's alright, Will. There's no rush. Please, don't upset yourself. I'm here for you, if you'd like more time I'll give it to you."

Will nuzzles his face into the fabric. *Of course. It was silly to worry at all.* "S-sorry," he whispers, and Hannibal shushes him again.

"None of that, Will. There's no need to apologize, not here."

Will nods and Hannibal guides Will to look up at him.

"You've never done this before, you got scared. I should've anticipated that. I should be apologizing to you."

Will shakes his head again, rising to kiss Hannibal. He feels guilty. He didn't mean to make Hannibal feel bad. Hannibal didn't need to be sorry, either. Not when he made Will feel so safe and loved and comfortable.

He kisses Hannibal harder. Will wants to show him how much he appreciates it, how much he loves being Hannibal's good boy. He licks into Hannibal's mouth, stroking at his cock through his dress pants. Hannibal groans into the kiss, hips twitching into Will's touch.

Hannibal smiles wickedly when they part. "Would you like to reciprocate, Will?"

Will nods, parting his kiss-swollen lips to demonstrate.

Hannibal chuckles, kisses him once more. "On your knees, then," he says, unfastening his pants and revealing his hard cock.

Will feels his mouth water. Everything about Hannibal is gorgeous, he shouldn't be surprised, but his cock just looks so *delicious*. Will kneels on the floor eagerly, mouth open and waiting.

Hannibal stands above him, ruffling Will's curls. "Such a sweet boy, so happy to please me."

Will leans into the touch, eyes closing in bliss even as his tongue wets his lips.

Hannibal takes his own cock in his hand, guides it to Will's lips. Will tries to be patient but can't fight the hungry moan when the head finally slides past his lips and into his mouth. He licks and sucks at Hannibal's cock as he begins to rock his hips, gently fucking into Will's mouth. The hand tightens in his curls and Will gasps, moaning around his length.

"Will- fuck, that's good. My noisy boy, you love my cock, don't you?"

Will feels himself sink further. The weight of the cock as it brushes along his tongue, the dirty praise, it all pairs perfectly with the knowledge that Will is pleasing Hannibal, who is taking *such good care of him*. His body feels heavy, and he fights the need to just go limp. If he fell, Hannibal would undoubtedly catch him, but he wants to be good.

He must fall just a little though, because he feels Hannibal pull him back up by his hair, firmly keeping his mouth at just the right angle. Will hums as Hannibal starts fucking his mouth again. *Thank you for the help.*

Hannibal thrusts a little deeper and Will feels his own cock twitch. *Yes. Do what you want with me. I trust you.*

"Will, yes. Good, very good."

Will balls his fists into his thighs, resisting the desire to touch himself. He can be patient. He can be good.

Hannibal holds Will in place, fucking his throat. All Will can do is relax and try to breathe and let it hit him. It's perfect, it's exactly what he wants.

Hannibal groans and it makes Will feel needy and desperate. His fingers rake through Will's curls, settling his other hand on the back of Will's head to steady him. Will is grateful for the aid, because he feels like he'll just reduce into a puddle on the floor at any moment. "My good boy," He says, and his voice is thick and dark like clover honey. Will whimpers, drooling. He's trying so *hard* to keep from touching himself, but *yes, Hannibal, I love being your good boy*. "S-so perfect, fuck, you take my cock so well. Will you take my come, too?"

Will keens eagerly, tongue licking at every available inch as Hannibal's thrusts lose their rhythm. The head of his cock keeps bumping against the back of Will's throat and Will feels almost delirious with pleasure.

"Will," He gasps, coming with a groan into Will's mouth. He swallows it enthusiastically, knows that Hannibal will be proud. He keeps gently sucking as Hannibal comes down, not relenting until the other man pulls away.

When he releases Will's hair, Will all but collapses onto the floor. He whines, cock throbbing again. He's panting, begging for more with every part of his body. He looks up at Hannibal, eyes wide and still a bit unfocused, and whispers a soft "*Please*."

Hannibal gathers Will in his strong arms, which Will is both aroused by and grateful for because he isn't sure he could stand right now. He lies Will down on the chaise, making sure he's comfortable.

Will stares unseeing at the ceiling, needy but trusting wholeheartedly that Hannibal will provide.

He sighs when a slick finger circles his entrance. "That's it, already so relaxed, this will take no time at all." As if to demonstrate, he slips the finger into Will with ease. He sighs, melting further against the blanket. Hannibal pumps it in and out for a while, letting out a breathy laugh when Will shifts his hips against him.

It doesn't take long for him to introduce a second one, stretching him with teasing thrusts. Will cries out when Hannibal finds his prostate, and he must hit the fucking Challenger Deep of this submissive state because he grinds his ass against Hannibal's fingers with a greedy mewl. The idea that anything has ever existed beyond the two of them fades from Will's mind, just as Hannibal promised it would. The world goes fuzzy and Will's mind turns progressively blank until his only thought is *Hannibal, Hannibal, Hannibal*.

He knows he's being loud, not just noisy but bad porno actress noisy. But fuck, Hannibal is too talented with those long surgeon's fingers and the way he keeps thrusting deep and brushing his prostate just so- it's making him drool again. He's trembling. There's a third finger inside of him and the stretch is excellent but he wants more.

"H-han...mm...fuck me..."

Hannibal looks smug for a reason that Will can't quite piece together. "I can't do that, Will. You asked me not to."

*I said what? I had to be out of my **mind**, why would I ever do that?*

"Please?" He whimpers.

Hannibal ducks his head and presses a soothing kiss to Will's thigh. "Maybe next time. I'll take care of you like this today."

Will whines, but then Hannibal is circling his prostate again and he can't complain about his consolation prize. Especially not when the potential for a *next time* is swimming in his head.

He feels another orgasm creeping up on him and rocks more urgently against Hannibal's fingers, whimpering to signal his impending release.

"Are you ready to come again, Will?" He asks, and Will nods desperately.

Hannibal keeps massaging Will's prostate and takes Will's cock in his other hand, stroking him in time with his thrusts. The action lets loose a guttural sound from deep in Will's chest, and he gathers the blanket beneath him in a weak fist.

His brain is completely empty. Just Hannibal, holding everything for him.

Will clenches around Hannibal's fingers as he comes again. He was certain there was no tension left in his body, but there must have been because he feels it unraveling, spreading from his core outwards. His head is buzzing, it doesn't matter. His heart is pounding, it doesn't matter. Hannibal will make sure he's taken care of. Whatever Will needs next, Hannibal has it under control. Nothing else is worth knowing.

Hannibal withdraws when Will's breathing starts to even out. Will is calm, still under, as he's cleaned up and offered a glass of cool water. Hannibal holds it to his lips but Will gently takes the cup in his own hands instead. Hannibal strokes a loving hand through Will's hair as he sips the water.

"You did very well, Will. I'm proud of you."

Will smiles softly at the praise.

Hannibal cups his cheek. "Take your time, there's no rush. Just let me know if there's anything you need."

Will nods, leans into the touch.

"Would you like your clothes?"

Will nods again, setting his glass aside. He pulls his clothes back on, leaving his shirt partially unbuttoned. His fingers are still too clumsy to bother with that.

Will catches Hannibal staring, looking almost overwhelmingly fond. Will casts him a sleepy smile before he yawns.

"Tired?"

Will nods, swallows. "You weren't exaggerating when you said it was intense," He says, and his voice sounds small in his own ears.

Hannibal smiles. "There you are. How do you feel?"

"Better than I have in months," he admits. "Uh, thank you."

"Any time."

Will feels himself blushing, registering how he's been behaving this evening. "Jesus, I didn't know i could act like that. I didn't know I *wanted* to act like that."

"Most people find submitting enjoyable, under the right conditions," He says simply. "I wouldn't worry over it."

"Do you?"

Hannibal hesitates. He strides over to his desk, straightening a stack of books that was already straight. "I haven't tried it. But I have some...personal reservations that would make it quite difficult to put me under. Besides, I find it very gratifying to play the Provider role."

"Clearly."

Hannibal looks at him with a small smirk and Will takes it as a cue to continue. "Well, you weren't exactly being subtle about enjoying the situation, Doctor. In fact if I didn't know any better, I might be inclined to suspect you had ulterior motives in suggesting this 'treatment'."

"It's a good thing that you do know better, then. I knew it would help you. It really is a very effective technique." Hannibal's eyes are sparkling with self-satisfaction. "The fact that my...personal interests happened to align with it was purely coincidental."

Will laughs. He feels good. Loose. Calm, at least for now. "Well, if my personal interests hadn't aligned with it, I never would've agreed to try it in the first place, so I suppose there's no harm done."

Hannibal looks completely stunned for a fraction of a second, and then it's hidden away with practiced ease. "Would you like to have dinner with me, Will? You must be famished after this session."

Will smirks. "Haven't you had enough of that for one evening? Taking care of me?"

Hannibal kisses him and it feels just as good with a clear head. "Not yet."

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